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End of Lend-Lease

WE DO not pretend to feel comfortable when we have to start a paragraph with $41,208,000,000. In the financial affairs of the nation at this moment that may or may not be a huge sum. We would not know. It is a little more than twenty times what we spent on the atomic bomb—but perhaps that information, involving the question of absolute values, is not much help. The figure happens to represent the outgoing goods and services supplied by the United States under Lend-Lease. It is part of the cost of the war. We are not prepared to write about the cost of the war. Somebody will have to pay it. We rather think that the peoples of all the world will have to pay it.

But there again we do not pretend to know. It depends what is meant by paying—whether you are talking about money or suffering, about gold or hunger. Perhaps not all the peoples of the world will have to pay. There seem to be a great many persons who think that America will not have to pay; they think it will be all right for America. These people say that our income tax next year will be cut 20 percent and they say also that our standard of living will be raised 50 percent. Well then, if that happens the question of paying will not arise; whether we pay or do not pay the cost of the war in money we will feel very happy anyway.

Yet if we feel very happy in the next few years it may be that we will feel very lonely in our happiness. Because whatever wonderful things may happen to us it is difficult to see what wonderful things are going to happen to anyone else. Not immediately. And that upsets everything. For little as we know about economics, we have understood always that it is most unlikely that one country can be happy when all the other countries are unhappy.

In the picture of the future that is what worries us. The detail about being alone, or about planning to be alone. We are worried every time there is the slightest evidence that the authorities who control our finances or our economy think that we can be happy all alone and that the other peoples can catch up with us when they can. The cut in the income tax is fine and the new car is bright and shining and whatever else you have when you live 50 percent better than you did before is fine and wonderful. But not if you have it alone, because you cannot have it alone; and not if you try to have it alone because every time you try you make it less likely that you will have it at all.

We are worried even when what the authorities do is technically legitimate. On August 21, for instance, the authorities brought Lend-Lease to an abrupt end. Lend-Lease was a war measure and when the war ended it was legitimate enough to say that not 5 cents could be added to the $41,208,000,000, and that any forthcoming financial aid to our Allies must be on another basis. That was always understood.

But we had supposed that it was understood also that we had fought this war with benefit of allies, and that on the day of victory we would take no action that would tend to increase the uncertainty, the suffering or even the financial distress of any of these Allies. We had supposed that solidarity in war would last a few days, a few weeks, even a year, in peace.

From one day to another we tell England to come to us if they want a commercial loan which we may or may not grant.

Presumably such a loan will be granted. Mr. Edwin L. James in the New York *Times* thinks that such a loan may be granted. Mr. James is an acute observer. This is what he says: "Britain's credit is good and France has considerable gold reserves. It is possible that Congress would be willing to go some distance toward providing means through which purchases could be made. Whether or not the plans of the new Socialist Government in Britain would weigh in the balance in such a debate is a question which cannot be answered yet. . . ."

It is possible that we will not allow the British people to suffer complete ruin; it is possible that with good credit or gold reserves the grocer will go some distance toward letting you buy a can of

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sardines; it is possible also that we are headed straight back toward the ideal of economic isolation—and every other kind of isolation—from which we plunged into war. It is certain that this lack of sympathy for the distress of our Ally has nothing whatever to do with the plans we have been making for a united world.

The Remnants

THOSE who are convinced that all the evils in the world are due to fascism are now hard put to find a major enemy. Much of the starch has gone out of their diatribes on international affairs. Of course the universally unpopular General Franco is still at his post. And the colonels still hold sway in Argentina. Is there any chance that fascism will so live on in these lesser nations that one day it will rise again to confront the world? There is also the atomic bomb introduced to the world by the United States. If fascism were to live on among two or three lesser powers, might not a new Rightist dictator utilize our new weapon to subjugate the rest of the world? That is possible, according to certain professional anti-fascists. (There is a danger, of course, that one day some demented nihilist seizing power in some minor country — and somehow concealing his preparations from the world outside—would set out with our new weapon to see how much destruction he could accomplish.)

Whether or not there is any real danger from a recrudescence of fascism in any threatening form, the United States is at present bent on stamping out the "infection" before apathy sets in. President Truman is far less restrained than Foreign Secretary Bevin in expressing his dislike for Franco; Secretary Byrnes has also recently intimated that economic pressure might be resorted to in order to secure a change in Spain's régime. There can be no doubt as to where America stands. The Administration is exerting this pressure at the very moment that a Spanish Cortes-in-Exile has met in Mexico City and chosen a new provisional government which seeks entry into France preparatory to taking over back home. (It must be noted in passing that this is a widely representative government and that it excludes Juan Negrín, friend of our contemporary, the *Nation,* and of the Soviets.)

Argentina, where US "pro-democratic" pressure is currently much stronger, presents a more complicated situation. During the war the sympathies of the ruling clique, as were those of General Franco, were patently with the Axis. And now, as with Spain, political exiles are fixing to return to their homeland, in this case from Montevideo, much nearer by. Rodolfo Moreno, critic of the colonels, is already back and a hundred more opposition political leaders—organized into two resistance groups, each with its own regular radio program from Montevideo—only await the signal to follow. There is that much similarity between conditions in the two countries.

However, without making any brief for the Farrell-Perón régime, it is important to see it for what it is. For all the resignations of government ministers, the demonstrations by politically-minded students and the criticisms in the newly liberated papers, the Argentine people are concerned probably even more with domestic than with international affairs. And despite the American papers, there is evidence that on internal issues the colonels enjoy considerable support as opponents of the old *combinazione* of the big landowners and the Tammany-like city political machines. The AP reports on August 24, for instance, that "the Argentine Rural Society, comprising the nation's wealthiest landowners and cattlemen . . . criticized the régime and demanded a return to constitutional government." In any case Colonel Perón is said to enjoy the strong support of the growing middle class. He is persisting in his policy of enlisting Radical leaders (who are immediately disowned by their party) in his government, and according to certain observers he would win a free election hands down today, for domestic reasons.

Argentina was on the wrong side of the fence during the war and is still suspect of rendering aid and comfort to Axis henchmen. She has been slow in liquidating Axis businesses in loyalty to her promises. Because of all that the United States is exerting increasing pressure for the establishment of a new régime which will be far more democratic than that of half a dozen friendly Latin American nations. The supplanting of Nelson Rockefeller by two-fisted Spruille Braden can mean only this, and if no ambassador is appointed immediately to succeed the man withdrawn from Buenos Aires to become Undersecretary for Latin American Affairs, the gesture will be even more threatening.

Unquestionably the eradication or permanent disabling of fascism is *one* of the essentials for the making of a decent world. The question is how much point there is in concentrating on the remnants. Fascism thrived on hunger, unemployment, personal and national insecurity. It can never come back if people can make a decent living under the protection of a world society organized under law. Tyrrany and injustice anywhere are naturally a subject for consistent international concern. The peoples of Spain and Argentina (if they do not want the colonels)—and of Brazil, Poland, India and other lands deprived of basic human liberties—have claim to international protection. But it is oversimple to argue that the overthrow of Franco and the colonels will end tyrrany in the world.

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The Russian-Chinese Settlement

THE TREATY negotiated by Russia and China, together with its accompanying agreements, has turned out far better than most prophets had been expecting. It provides the groundwork for a strong and united China, although it by no means guarantees this happy outcome. For the time being, at least, China is not threatened with civil war, since Russia's assurances that it will support only the Chiang Kai-shek government makes it very nearly impossible for the Chinese communists to start anything—at least in the immediate future. That Outer Mongolia is likely to become a portion of the USSR means very little, since Soviet influence there has been paramount for some time. What is remarkable is that Manchuria will be Chinese. Of course some may point out that joint Russian and Chinese ownership of the Chinese Eastern Railway and the South Manchuria Railway is tantamount to economic control of that region, yet only the future can justify their forebodings. As is the case with every agreement, what matters is the spirit in which the agreement is carried out. And of this we shall not be able to judge for some time. The Chinese nationalist government is by no means celebrated for its weakness of spirit—whatever its other faults. It is not likely to let itself be stepped on. It may, after all, be possible for the world to do business with Russia.

Thomas F. Woodlock

EVER SINCE its establishment more than twenty years ago THE COMMONWEAL has had a most faithful and devoted friend in the late Thomas F. Woodlock, who combined in his person financial brilliance, the best kind of journalism and a bravely Christian spirit. Mr. Woodlock's mind had a sharpness and clarity rare in any generation, and with this he possessed a high gentleness of heart. His friendship for us went deeper than any like-mindedness, for often in recent years he has strongly disagreed with editorial policies which we have as strongly advocated. Yet never did this in any way lessen the warm kindliness of our relations. That is as high a tribute as we can pay. R.I.P.

Building Boom Illusion

IN RECENT WEEKS we have been hearing a great deal of optimistic talk about the building boom which is to save us from a depression. Without exception newspaper and magazine articles have expressed extreme optimism on this subject. Even President Truman seems to see in the undoubted demand for new housing an economic stop-gap to save us from the worst effects of the sudden termination of billions of dollars' worth of war contracts. To cite but one instance—chosen more because of the gilded and amusing language in which it is written than because it is outstanding—we find an article in a recent issue of the *Christian Science Monitor* written by a lady journalist, and with a Washington dateline, headed, "U.S. About to Start Golden Building Era." We are informed in this article that the National Housing Administration "has announced the intention of building 400,000 houses between now and next July. . . . It has been estimated that there is a potential market for 1,200,000 dwellings a year." These figures, though high, are probably not too high in estimating the demand which undoubtedly exists. And the article ends with the following purple paragraph: "These are some of the signs which inspire today's prediction that America's golden era of housing is about to emerge from the cocoon stage on wings of prosperity."

That eventually we shall as a nation have a building boom is likely, unless a major depression in the interim consumes our savings and thus destroys the economic basis on which such a boom might be constructed. But as for any immediate large-scale building activity, it is likely to prove about as rugged and strong as the butterfly or moth to which our good lady journalist—doubtless without ironical intent—compares it. For at no *less* propitious a time than the present could we possibly have been confronted with a real demand for a vast quantity of new building activity. The press has kept silent about it, and no one not directly connected with construction seems yet to be aware that we can't possibly hope to build what we want to build because the building business is confronted with what is probably the worst crisis it has ever faced.

This is by no means the scarcity of building materials although here the situation is acute. But problems connected with putting materials back on the market in quantity are very simple and will rapidly adjust themselves with the mere passage of time. The crisis is more fundamental. It consists of the simple fact that we have not the trained manpower to launch any major building campaign and that unless radical steps are taken to remedy the situation, we shall not have sufficient trained manpower for many, many months, during which it will be altogether possible for a major depression to develop, thus undermining our hopes for the future. Certain steps can be taken to remedy the situation, but they will have to be taken quickly, and taking them will involve a quality of statesmanship on the part of the men principally concerned which we must hope they will possess, but for which the record of the past gives us little on which to base that hope.

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Five years ago, to the month, I wrote in these columns an article entitled "Apprentices . . . and Builders." This consisted of an analysis of the apprentice situation in the New York building trades, which can be fairly taken as representative of the building trades throughout the rest of the nation. Here was my summation of the 1940 situation:

> The apprenticeship situation in the New York building trades is not only socially bad; it is chaotic. If such a situation existed in all departments of American industry, it would seriously threaten our future as an industrial nation.

What I wrote was based upon an investigation conducted by the Joint Commission on Building Trades Apprentices of the City of New York conducted during the summer of 1939. The results of this investigation had been made available to me by a member of this commission, and, so far as I know, have never, either before or since the publication of my article, been given any public attention. Here is a typical paragraph relating to the findings of this Joint Commission:

> Out of 123 building trade unions in the Greater New York area, 63 are willing to give membership figures. Their membership totalled 67,215. Out of 83 locals reporting, 29 had no apprentices whatever. The remaining 54 locals reported 2,885 apprentices, which meant one apprentice for approximately 20 journeymen in those locals that had any apprentices at all. If one prorates the number of apprentices over the total membership, including the membership of those unions that have no apprentices at all, the result is one apprentice for about every 30 journeymen. Add to all this that the declared average age of mechanic members is 42½ years, and it is obvious that the New York building trades unions are in no way providing for the next generation of mechanics.

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In June, 1945, the Apprentice-Training Service, Bureau of Training, War Manpower Commission, at the request and with the approval of the General Committee on Apprenticeship for the Construction Industry, issued a technical bulletin which it entitled "Age Trends in Skilled Trades in the Construction Industry, 1900-1940." This was based upon a report issued in January of this year. It included figures up to 1940 only, and therefore, as far as dates are concerned, dealt with the same situation as did my article already cited. To summarize briefly the findings given in this bulletin: In 1940 the United States had less skilled workers in the building field than it had had in 1920, and far less than in 1930. The 1940 total was a little over two million. In 1940 and in 1930 the number of apprentices totaled only a little over 25,000. In 1940 the average age throughout the nation of skilled workers was 42.7 years—a finding remarkably close to the figure I had obtained for my article. This same technical bulletin finds that in no one of the building trades has there been an adequate apprentice program. In summary: "We must train construction apprentices now, and in large numbers—not 25,000 to 30,000 at a time . . . but at least five times as many, so that some 40,000 will complete their training each year and enter the trades as all-round skilled workers."

If we remember that during the five years which have elapsed since 1940 there have been substantially no apprentices in any of the building trades, and if we likewise remember that many building trades workers in the younger age brackets have been in the armed forces, we must realize that our total trained force today would be insufficient to maintain the level of building—a very low level—which prevailed in 1940. We must also realize that the average age of the skilled workers available is very nearly fifty, which means that at least half of them can work only at reduced speeds because of their advanced years, and in many cases are capable of working only under rather limited conditions.

The notion, then, that we can have a building boom within the next few months is pure illusion.

The steps which must be taken to remedy this situation are the following: (1) Appropriate governmental agencies will have to make available to the building trades all the techniques which have been developed during this war for expediting training programs. Among these one might especially point to the army techniques which make use of motion pictures. (2) The building trades will have to be willing for the time being to discard all their traditional conservatism regarding the number of apprentices trained. They are not to be condemned for their bad record in the past, since there were many pressures pushing them to act as they did. (3) A concerted effort is badly needed to induce service men to go into these humdrum but well-paid activities, and the hypnotic attraction of such pastures new as radar, aviation, atom-splitting, etc., must be counteracted.

If we do not proceed more or less along these lines, the result is likely to be bad in every possible way. The present scarcity of trained men could easily be used as a means to break the AFL building trades by large contractors who would like nothing better and who are in a position to train mechanics themselves on large scale operations. In the long run this would have a disastrous effect on the quality of American building, since such training would naturally be specialized and would not be of the all-round kind only a union can assure. But most important of all, if we do not immediately tackle this problem, which has been staring us in the face for many long years, we are likely to inflict a serious blow on all our hopes for a better economic future.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE.

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Prospect for Peace

The Big Three and problem of realpolitik

James MacGregor Byrne

IN THE hour of triumph, our gladness is dimmed by a haunting doubt—"Will the peace last? Can it be maintained?" A dark feeling of uncertainty hangs like a pall over the hearts and minds of millions of thoughtful people in all parts of the world.

The majority of them have lived through two world wars. They have witnessed in the first World War carnage and destruction such as never had been known before. They have seen this followed by the establishment of the most elaborate machinery ever devised for the preservation of peace. They have heard great statesmen, speaking with the highest authority, announce that war had forever been banished from the face of the earth. And when the cataclysm was repeated—once burned twice shy—without necessarily becoming a confirmed skeptic, the average educated man is much less ready this time to believe that peace is here to stay despite the fact that we have now had the advantage of previous experience which presumably should enable us to avoid making the same mistakes twice.

The urgency of the problem has given rise to the publication of hundreds of books during the war years in which the chances for a permanent peace are canvassed and measures conducive to that end recommended. Very few of them have shown any tendency to minimize the difficulties involved. Recently however two important books have appeared that deserve special consideration, for if the implications they contain are followed to their logical conclusion, it would seem that chances for a more or less permanent peace in the immediate future are practically nil.

The first of these and the more logical and better written of the two is Emery Reves's "The Anatomy of Peace."* It is dedicated to the proposition that it is futile to hope for peace as long as there exist in this world nations of equal sovereignty which are subject to no enforceable law superior to their own sovereignty. "War takes place whenever and wherever non-integrated social units of equal sovereignty come into contact." The San Francisco Charter in no wise meets Mr. Reves's requirements, for under it the great powers abandon no part of their sovereignty. International anarchy therefore continues. Near the end of the book, he makes this lugubrious proposal: "If we cannot attain universalism and create union by common consent and democratic methods as a result of rational thinking, then rather than retard the process, let us precipitate unification by conquest."

The other, "The Big Three,"† by David I. Dallin, a short book of extraordinary scope, is the more recent of the two, having only just appeared. A beautifully streamlined summary of the power politics of the XIX and XX centuries, it can serve, although of course it was not so intended, as a veritable gold mine of supporting evidence for Mr. Reves's thesis. Despite the fact that in his introduction Mr. Dallin starts off by saying "There shall not, there must not be a third World War," it is perfectly clear to anyone who reads the book that what he is predicting will take place is, precisely—a third World War.

In his second chapter in tracing the rise of the US to the status of a world power, he states that "persistent efforts and even wars are the price that nations pay to secure their status as great powers, and once they achieve such status, *wars become a must* and the road back to safe old isolationism is barred." (Italics added.) This is hardly consistent with the statement in his introduction that "There shall not . . . be a third World War."

Whatever lofty ideals may be tacked on at the beginning and end of the book, there can be no doubt that the author's main interest and concern is to show that the foreign policies of great powers are based on a careful evaluation of what they are able to get away with—and nothing more. This goes for democratic England quite as much as for Czarist or communist Russia. "High principles have been out of place in British policy. . . . One maxim however was crystallized out of experience centuries ago: the strongest state of Europe is the chief enemy of Britain. It must be fought without respite. . . . This maxim is more valid today than ever before. . . ." And his sketch of Britain's tortuous ducking and bobbing in pursuit of her traditional balance of

*Harper. $2.00.

†Yale. $2.75.

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power policy is indeed pitiless. It would be interesting to read a British point-by-point rebuttal to these charges, but since the author is at least equally severe toward every great power, it is doubtful if anyone will bother to prepare one.

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As a Russian who reads the Soviet press and keeps up on Russian affairs, Mr. Dallin is able to give us some choice quotations. We are amused to read that in 1931 Stalin wrote "The principal conflict between capitalist rivals is that of the US and Britain. . . . It is fraught with war." However we are far from amused to learn that Lenin "when accused of slandering his factional adversaries said that when fighting his foes *even if they were personally honest,* he nevertheless deliberately chose terms and words which are bound to provoke hatred toward these people in order to erase their organization . . . the terms must provoke the worst suspicions about the enemy." (Italics added). And in 1920 Lenin wrote, "We have to use any ruse, dodges, tricks, cunning, unlawful method, concealment veiling the truth." One can see from this how much nazism was indebted to communism.

As in his previous books, Mr. Dallin holds that Stalin, far from having betrayed Lenin's hopes and doctrines, remains his most loyal adherent in every particular. Certainly if Mr. Dallin's facts are correct, Stalin was only faithfully observing Lenin's injunctions as outlined above when he liquidated the chiefs of the Red Navy in 1939. It seems that up until 1936 Soviet policy called for merely a "defensive navy." By 1939, according to the official party organ, "The mighty Soviet power must have the strongest sea and ocean navy in the world." Hence everybody in the higher echelons including Admiral Orlov (although doubtless "personally honest") were listed in the press as agents of fascism and liquidated for "sabotaging" the construction of a big Russian Navy.

Both these books make fascinating if alarming reading. Their conclusions differ in the sense that Emery Reves is convinced that peace could be achieved if his solution of the problem, viz., the organization of a world state, were adopted, whereas Dallin proposes no solution although in a paragraph near the end of the book he does admit that "Political freedom and civil liberties act as a brake on tendencies toward conquest and subjugation of alien nations." But this seems a mere afterthought for nowhere else in the book is the fact ever mentioned. The main point that both books drive home is that nations are moved only by motives of greedy self-interest and moral principles count for nothing in their actions, despite the fact that the majority of the individuals who go to make up the state may be peaceful law-abiding persons who revere the moral law. Somehow such persons are transformed when in charge of their country's interests and feel it their moral duty continuously to increase and extend the patrimony which has been entrusted to their care.

Of course things are not quite as hopeless as Dallin paints them. Although the "dog-eat-dog psychology" does prevail among nations, it is not the exclusive factor governing international relations. The habit of personifying nations is so embedded in our way of thinking that it is difficult to shake it off. It is true that if the state were a person with a mind and determination of its own, it would of course be a soulless creature and as such it could have only worldly interests. Altruism or nobility could play no part in its motives, nor could any other virtue. Its sole occupation could be growth and extension.

But fortunately there are no such creatures. The destinies of nations are guided by human beings with consciences and in the performance of their duties they are moved at times by humane and noble considerations. Proof of this lies scattered in countless examples recorded in biographies and archives. Mr. Dallin points to numerous wars directly resulting from national rivalries. Perhaps so, but he does not mention the many times war has been avoided by cooperative efforts. As in relations between individuals, cooperation often pays both parties better than competition. One nation's prosperity and progress need not be at the expense of another. Through trade treaties and other agreements, benefits may accrue to both countries.

Admittedly, one has grounds to feel uneasy about Russia's intentions (and so has she about ours, though in a lesser degree perhaps). A statement such as Lenin's quoted above in which he openly boasts of disseminating falsehood and of injuring innocent persons is so abhorrent to us that we are apt to throw up our hands and say that collaboration with such people is wholly out of the question. However, in mitigation, it should not be forgotten that he said this when his country was to all intents and purposes at war with all of the great powers. If honest men unwittingly became accomplices of the enemy, Lenin deemed it his duty to destroy them. For him the end justified the means, as it does for us to a great extent in wartime. The brutality and cruelty toward its enemies which we associate with the Soviet government is no doubt psychologically due in part to a long history of persecution and a desire for revenge. Karl Adams in his "Spirit of Catholicism" emphasized that in one respect at least we have progressed since medieval times, for "the medieval man's outlook was logical rather than psychological. . . . When truth was impugned, he was all too ready to conclude at once that it was a case of 'evil

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will'." The greater insight into human nature that modern psychology has given us enjoins us to heed now more than ever before the biblical injunction regarding the throwing of stones.

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To many honest people it may seem inconsistent, even disingenuous, that moral principles should be invoked to recommend "interventionism" against the Germans at one moment and "collaborationism" with the Russians the next. If evil must be fought on one occasion, logic demands it be fought whenever it rears its head. Such people point out that if Russia were a small weak nation, we would not tolerate for an instant what she is at present doing. Suppose for example, they say, Argentina should occupy the capitals of all her neighbors, establish her secret police throughout their territories, kidnap and exile to Patagonia thousands of their citizens, refuse freely to admit foreign newspaper reporters, censor all information entering or leaving those countries, and finally set up puppet governments in each of them which were permitted to sing only in unison with the Argentine government, would we tolerate such goings-on? Not for a minute. Is then stealing any less of a crime when committed by a millionaire and involving millions of dollars than when committed by a poor man and involving only a loaf of bread?

These are honest questions and those who put them deserve an honest answer. The Spanish philosopher, Ortega y Gasset has said "The barbarism of the masses lies in their vociferously proclaiming their opinion without first having laid down a standard to which to appeal to in a discussion." (Lest a wrong impression be gained, it should be mentioned that Ortega uses the word *masses* to refer to unthinking people of all classes and never uses it in the Marxian sense meaning the working classes alone.) It is not an easy thing to do to lay down a standard, but a "standard to which the wise and the honest may repair" is indubitably a prerequisite to any fruitful discussion. This same philosopher has defined clear heads as "those who feel lost and don't cover it with a curtain of phantasy on which everything seems clear." One would be lacking in candor if one pretended the issues were plain, but let us see if we cannot see as through a glass darkly the outlines of a standard which can justify our having counselled war against Germany and something akin to appeasement toward Russia.

To begin with, let us admit frankly that of course we would adopt different tactics toward a weak Russia from those we adopt toward a strong. That does not mean that our objective standard has varied; it means that prudence requires that one should, before deciding on a policy, determine whether it is a practical one and whether the cost is not too high in terms of loss of life or of other values. One must always exercise great care in applying the principle of prudence, because although perfectly compatible with martyrdom, if misapplied it can easily lead to cowardice. Secondly it should be pointed out that the above parallel between an imaginary Argentina and Russia of today is not altogether an exact one. After all Russia occupied the countries neighboring her for the purpose of liberating them from a common enemy and has given no indication that she intends to make this occupation permanent.

Moreover, speaking strictly for himself, this writer believes there is a qualitative difference between the Russians today and the nazis prior to Pearl Harbor. To begin with it must not be forgotten that we and the Russians have been allies for over three and a half years and in the sacrifice made together for the overthrow of tyranny share a great bond in common. Secondly, whatever errors communism may contain, it at least can claim descent, albeit under the sign of the bar sinister, from the doctrine of the brotherhood of man. In that respect it is more generous, more human, than the nazi creed which was based on exclusion and race hatred. However hard and cruel it may subsequently become, belief in communism among the young usually stems from the heart. A belief in nazism on the other hand was born rather out of arrogance and hatred.

It is encouraging to note that Britain's new Foreign Minister, Mr. Bevin, in his first speech to the House called attention to the vital importance of civil liberties and freedom of information in the liberated countries. It is to be bitterly deplored that Russia has not yet seen fit to grant these freedoms to the people of those countries, but we can, I think, properly derive some satisfaction from the fact that she has promised to do so and from the fact that under her own Constitution (Article 125) "The citizens of the USSR are guaranteed by law: (a) Freedom of speech, (b) Freedom of the press, (c) Freedom of assembly and meetings," and that under Article 124 "freedom of religious worship" together with—of course—"freedom of anti-religious propaganda."

The Russian government therefore has at least solemnly gone on record to the effect that she regards civil liberties as desirable. Nazi Germany not only denied these liberties in practice, as has Russia, but in theory declared them to be inadmissible because absurd and incompatible with the best interests of the Reich.

Since the natural law is written in the heart of every man, as Saint Paul has told us, all human beings can and do respond in a greater or lesser degree to the tenets of truth and justice. The

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proof lies in the fact that all rulers, good and bad alike, recognize the importance of appealing to man's higher instincts. Aldous Huxley in "Grey Eminence" pointed out that although "Cant is always nauseating . . . before we condemn political hypocrisy, let us remember that it is the tribute paid by men of leather to men of God and the acting of the part of someone better than oneself may actually commit one to a course of behavior perceptibly less evil than what would be normal and natural in a cynic."

Let us therefore not despair but let us utilize every spiritual and material effort to exploit the common understanding we share with the Russian people.

It is said that during the middle ages among the seven (or at one time eight) deadly sins were two which have since been omitted or replaced, namely *tristitia,* i.e. gloominess, and *acedia* from the Greek àkndía, meaning a languid indifference. Perhaps they were dropped because civilization entered a phase in which the rapid growth of science engendered a sense of confidence and a spirit of curiosity which deprived those sins of their former power to tempt.

This power however may well be restored if by failing once again to maintain the peace, we commit the world to an age of universal cynicism and moral disillusionment.

Mother Mary Skobtzoff

HELEN ISWOLSKY

WE HAVE often heard the remark: "How is it that the terrible ordeals of this war have produced no saints? Where are the spiritual leaders, the Christians, truly aflame with faith and charity?" This is indeed a baffling question. But then there is something in the true Christian which is essentially unspectacular. We generally do not recognize him when we meet him. God alone knows His chosen ones; even so, He does not always unfold at once the graces He has bestowed on them, at least not before the time He has appointed.

Such is the story of Mother Mary Skobtzoff, a Russian Orthodox nun, who died in the nazi camp of Ravensbruck. Most of us Russians who lived in Paris before the war either knew her personally or had heard about her. Because she was quite an unusual person. But scarcely anyone thought of her as of an actual saint.

Mary Skobtzoff was a typical member of the Russian *intelligentzia*, a friend of the poet Alexander Block and of the other Russian symbolists, and a poet herself; politically, she was linked with the Russian socialists who carried out the first, democratic revolution in February, 1917.

When the Bolsheviks came to power, she fled Russia, like most of her friends, and came to live in France. In 1930, she was doing relief work among the most destitute Russian émigrés. That is when I first met her; she was at that time scarcely related to the life of the church. I was later very much surprised to hear that she had taken Orthodox religious vows and was now known as Mother Mary. The case was unusual moreover because she did not become a member of any Russian community at that time existing in France. She was, so to say, "on her own." She had, however, become a religious in the full acceptance of the word, wearing the black habit and veil of Orthodox nuns, acting with the local Russian hierarchy's permission and blessing. And yet she was unlike other Russian nuns; she had made a rule of her own, she had opened a hospitality house, something like those of Dorothy Day in America, and she was feeding, clothing, tending dozens of destitute people in that home of hers on the left bank of the Seine. Not of course the picturesque, pleasant, aristocratic "Left Bank" known as the Faubourg Saint Germain; nor the artistic and scholarly "Left Bank" of Montparnasse and the *quarter latin.* But the fourteenth *arrondissement,* near the dreary quai de Grenelle, near the slums and dingy apartment houses and workshops and shacks. With her meager means, Mother Mary had managed to rent there an old house where she lived among her poor, and a garage, which she turned into a chapel. It was all very shabby; people used to say that Mother Mary could have done better. But the relief workers knew that it was a good place to call up if urgent help was needed. The Salvation Army knew about it, the police who picked up a Russian casualty in the street knew about it; many a Russian out of a job, who could not afford food in a *bistro,* would stop at Mother Mary's door, and drop in at the canteen. He would get his luncheon there for one franc fifty; it would not be exactly like eating at the *soupe populaire,* because one met friends, and one could get a good book in the library, or attend a lecture, if it was Sunday; all kinds of activities were going on in that old house. You would meet the priest who had offered Mass in the garage, and a lot of old ladies, very prim and distinguished, in spite of their shabby clothes, and a young student nosing among the library books, and a drunk who was being persuaded to sleep off his *calvados,* and Professor Berdiaeff walking in to give a talk on Christianity and Humanism. Somehow it all fitted into the picture; if there were some difficulties, they were settled as such things are settled in a large family, where people do not stop to worry, because there is another job ahead.

We who saw Mother Mary often appreciated and admired her work. Those who saw her at

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a distance, criticized her for this or that, often venomously. But the Paris people, the people of the fourteenth *arrondissement,* knew her best of course, because she lived among them. *La religieuse russe* was a familiar figure in these streets and in the covered market where she went every day to beg. She got vegetables and bread and fruit and sometimes meat from these good people; they considered her as a Russian little sister of the poor, an order which is close to the heart of the Paris folk. Indeed, she had much in common with her Catholic sisters; but she had difficulties which they were spared. She was alone, with no previous training, no long established rule. Later, it is true, another Russian nun came to help her, and there was a Russian Catholic girl who at one time lived in that old house and assisted Mother Mary; but mostly she was alone, struggling hard to keep the home going, begging for food, money, clothes, visiting the sick and the desperate. She had given a name to these activities; she called them "Orthodox Action," a movement which grew and developed among the Russians during the years preceding the war. There is no doubt, that the idea of "Orthodox Action" had sprung from the principles of Catholic Action. Mother Mary knew all about Catholic social work. She never became very close to the Catholics; however, she came sometimes to our meetings where Orthodox and Catholics discussed the problems of union. But she had little time to spare for anything which was not actually relief work though she still wrote poems. I recall her as a rather stout woman of fifty, with a round face, typically Slav, and gray dreamy eyes behind a pair of broken spectacles; somehow she never had the time or the means to mend them. Her black habit was old and worn, her shoes needed repair; her black veil was pinned under her chin, according to Russian fashion, but it never remained quite straight, and would slip over her brow, and she would pull it back absentmindedly. She had a very quiet, gentle voice, a voice which contrasted with her quick, somewhat jerky movements, her homely face, the big strides she took as she walked in the street, armed with a man's umbrella, and her shoulders wrapped in a thin black shawl.

We often used to wonder, whether Mother Skobtzoff was of the Martha or the Mary type. Some said she was too much absorbed in her work to find time for prayer. Others said, that she was disappointed in her "Orthodox Action" and wished to retire to a life of silence and meditation. Once I saw her in her little garage chapel, and heard her reading the psalm according to the Eastern liturgy. That is why I remember her voice so clearly. It was the voice of one who knows all about prayer, without going into any retreat.

Of course, all that time, Mother Mary was preparing for something which none of us, however much we admired her, could foresee. When the war came, and Paris was occupied, she carried on her work and was not molested at first by the Germans. But then she began sheltering Jews and helping them to escape the Gestapo; so she was arrested and deported to Ravensbruck. We all expected that she would return with the other liberated deportees. But she did not return. The Russian Paris papers have recently related what happened. Mother Mary lived in Ravensbruck according to that Christian model of faith and charity, which seems so much amiss in this world. She comforted, tended and assisted her companions in every way. She was present when these ghostly trains left Ravensbruck with the women condemned to the gas chambers. She was there to cheer these women and to offer them a ray of hope. "It may not be so bad as you think," she would tell them, "they are only taking you to another camp." One day a woman who was being loaded on to the death-train, hearing Mother Mary's words of comfort, said to her: "If you are so sure nothing is going to happen to us, why do you not take my place? We shall then believe you!"

So Mother Mary Skobtzoff took that woman's place.

Communications

THE JAPANESE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: Those of us who truly know the Japanese mind are watching one of the finest spectacles possible today in military deportment and racial psychology. When I speak of Chinese, Japanese or Koreans I am not theorizing. They are all one people. I know them. So too does MacArthur—thank God! Not Nimitz nor Halsey nor anyone else in the Pacific has raised *respect* for the United States among Asiatic peoples as he is doing in his surrender procedure, for the Japanese know that they have copied some of our own worst standards, while he is indeed raising both theirs and ours.

The Japanese military establishment has never known surrender, and therefore does not know how to surrender, which is a real reason for the delay. Surrender is for them a humiliation greater even than it is for our own Western fighting men; but a far greater humiliation to Japanese Generals is the fact that they *know* that they have been untrue to their cherished code of chivalrous honor. They are the most ritualist people in the world. MacArthur is carrying out *their* full and punctilious ritual of the warrior's behavior. Their realization of that, and of their failure in their own code of honor, grinds them to the soul. It is far worse than defeat and occupation.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP

Maryland Tuberculosis Hospital,
State Sanatorium, Maryland.

TO the Editors: I am preparing a biography of Rose Lathrop, Hawthorne's daughter, who as Mother Alphonsa became famous for the work she founded for destitute sufferers from incurable cancer. The Sisters at Hawthorne, N. Y. have opened to me—and for the first time—their archives, which contain a large number of hitherto unpublished letters of the Hawthorne family. These together with other documents and the printed sources provide me with abundant material for the first twenty and the last thirty years of this long life. But there is a period—roughly from 1870 to 1895—for which the data available is relatively meagre. Yet during that period Mrs. Lathrop was moving much in literary society and gaining some reputation as a writer of short-stories and verse. It therefore seems to me that there must be in existence some of the letters written to friends during those years, and perhaps other sources of information. If so, I shall be most grateful to anybody able and willing to help me in this regard. Though, as my present address indicates, I am working under a handicap, I am nevertheless working steadily upon the project, so I may be reached at the Sanatorium.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

THE NEW REALISM

Rumson, N. J.

TO the Editors: I have three sons serving in this war. I thank God that they did not have to listen to President Hutchins's convocation address (THE COMMONWEAL, July 6, 1945) before starting out on their onerous duties. As the editors remark, the address is certainly violent. It is also occasionally false in fact, and throughout false to every ideal I want my sons to hold dear.

(1) It is false that "the words peace, justice, cooperation, community and charity have fallen out of our vocabulary." Our young men and some of our young women have risked not only their security but their lives in cooperation, for their beloved community, that peace and justice may prevail, and have shown unbelievable charity, especially towards the philosophers, politicians and teachers (even college presidents), who helped bring about the moral pit from which armed conflict developed.

(2) It is false that we have fought "two wars to end war." There is some justification for the claim that we did so in 1917-18, but there is none in the present case! We fought this war in self-defense and did not enter it until we were attacked. The moral issue upon which this war was fought (are the strong to be permitted to enslave and rob the weak?) was well defined while we remained on the side-lines.

(3) It is false that "we call Japanese soldiers fanatics when they die rather than surrender, whereas American soldiers who do the same thing are heroes." We called Japanese soldiers fanatics when, finding themselves in an untenable and inescapable position, they slashed their abdomens or shot themselves rather than surrender according to the rules of war. Who has heard of the wholesale suicide of American soldiers?

(4) It is false that we have adopted the nazi doctrine that certain nations are fit only to be exterminated or enslaved. This is obviously demonstrated by the fact that we are neither exterminating nor enslaving the Germans.

(5) It is false that "we have on an international scale the same task today that Lincoln had in 1865." With blistering indignation I deny that the people of the Southern states presented the same problem that the peoples of Germany and Japan do today. They had not penetrated into the lands of peaceful neighbors in the effort to seize territory. They did not systematically rob Northern territory and ship stolen property to the South. They did not reinforce their attempts by deliberated applied torture.

(6) It is false that we "insist that we are going to have a world in which are men are brothers." Those of us who give any thought to the brotherhood of man know now that all men are brothers. This does not release us from the obligation to subject all acts to the most rigorous moral and legal examination. To permit and condone evil is not forgiveness but corruption. Recognition of error, repentance and self-sacrifice in an effort at restitution are possible to all men. This is the road of return to the world community for those who have deliberately left it in pursuit of their own advantage.

It is the heavy duty of those to whom has been given the grace of a high moral code and a system of laws under which men can grow in conscience and responsibility to help these floundering ones along their road.

But President Hutchins claims that we have been "conquered by Hitler."

President Hutchins says because we plan to have the greatest navy in the world, to have conscription and island bases, we are apparently accused of scrapping our religion and "must now abandon the attempt to deserve" the name of Christian!

To be strong is not to abandon Christianity. The degree of a man's strength is not the degree to which he is un-Christian. The possession of power is not *per se* moral or immoral. It is not Christian for the strong to refrain from maintaining justice and defending the weak. It is merely supine and indifferent. To refuse to accept responsibility commensurate with one's position in the world is moral turpitude, not Christianity.

We are accused of following Hitler and abandoning our traditional processes of law and substituting the firing squad to solve social and political problems. Though insisting that "criminals must be punished," we are apparently substituting the firing squad for law if it is not "shown that the act was one which a patriotic American would not have committed if he had been a patriotic German." This confusion of ideas is almost unbelievable. A patriotic American acts according to certain ethical principles, which his people have chosen and his conscience confirms. It would be impossible for him to commit the acts of a patriotic German because the code upon which the German acts is largely a denial of the principles of the patriotic American. The readiest example is the matter

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of deliberately applied torture. The infliction of cruel and unusual punishment is forbidden in our Bill of Rights. It is an avowed policy of the German Government, expected of and practiced wholesale by patriotic Germans.

President Hutchins implies that the acts for which we seek to try many Germans were not illegal at the time they were committed. Possibly there were no statutes forbidding them in the corrupt form of the Napoleonic code which the Germans accepted, but such crimes are against the laws of countries where the legal system has developed. Head hunting and cannibalism could not have been punished and eliminated under the customs of the tribes practicing them.

President Hutchins nowhere defines the "criminals" he insists must be punished. The only crime of which he finds the German people guilty is indifference! But concerning his own people he suggests that we must come into the court with clean hands.

He condemns us for violation of treaties, attacks on undefended places, anti-Semitism, lynchings, unorganized religious and racial intolerance, sporadic and illegal violence, and (the only crime of which he finds the Germans guilty) indifference to race prejudice, economic exploitation, political corruption, and the degradation of minorities.

Because of these crimes President Hutchins says we should hesitate to punish the Germans.

We accuse the Germans of trespass, robbery and enslavement, attempted under arms and reinforced by deliberately applied torture, and for murder (as death resulting from the performance of such illegal acts is murder).

Only moral obtuseness could see comparable depravity!

If only men who had never under any circumstances broken a law could administer justice the world would be in a sorry plight.

For the heavy burden of the administration of justice must be carried on in a broken world and those who are called upon to do so, often humbly conscious of their unworthiness, must be heartened and upheld in their labor.

While smugly condemning others for deserting the moral plane, President Hutchins tells us that our interests require a prosperous Germany and Japan. We must make these countries rich so they can trade with us! To give Germany something "to exchange" with us can only be done by withholding those goods from the countries Germany and Japan have attacked and robbed.

I do not want benefits that flow from such a criminal proceeding. It is like maintaining gangsters, black marketeers and gunmen because you may want to do business with them sometime. We do not think well of the so-called respectable members of society who build up criminals for their own profit.

He not only advocates a prosperous but a *strong* Germany. Does President Hutchins disapprove of the Sullivan Law and other efforts to keep weapons from proven criminals?

Our present allies will certainly not always be our friends, if we strengthen our enemies who have so brutally misused them.

Thus, to what he pictures as a morally confused and intellectually disintegrated America, President Hutchins

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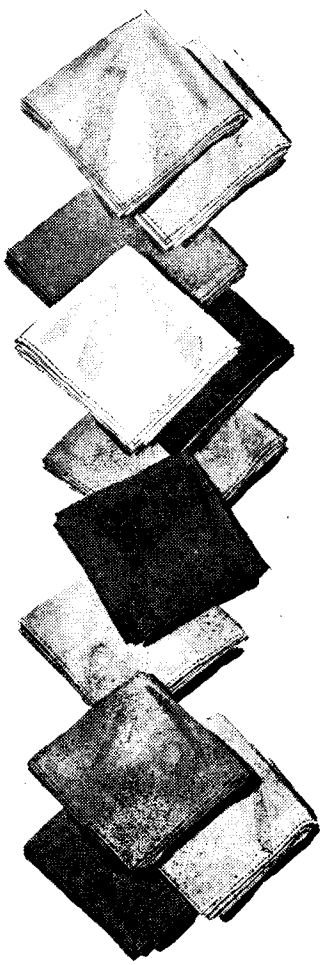

GREENS
spruce, pistache, lime, lettuce, apple

BLUES
turquoise, sky, Dutch, blueprint, midnight

YELLOWS
canary, goldenrod, pumpkin

PINKS
shell, coral candy, rosedust, melon

REDS
cherry, raspberry

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suggests only two courses of future action: to seek our own interests in the cheapest economic and political expediency and to bind up the wounds of all nations! . . .

By scoffing at our efforts to reeducate the Germans, President Hutchins shows his realization that the principles for which they fought (their destiny and right to seize domination over other peoples and to attach land and property by armed might, to inflict imprisonment, torture and death at will) have not been abandoned by them.

To live in the world and to carry on the work of the world with people imbued with these convictions requires far more than the binding up of wounds. To gird his 524 graduates (who we hope will take some part in their country's duties), for their soul-consuming task, President Hutchins has no word of inspiration.

A great part of the surface of the earth is in chaos. It is the duty of all to contribute to the establishment of order. The individual must think even of offenses against himself, not as personal injuries, but as threats to the safety of his neighbors. He is not entitled to forgive for the crime is not against him alone. With the help of God and any advice to be had, he must rely on the best interpretation in response to changing circumstances, of the teachings of our religion and the principles of our law and accept responsibility. When this sense of duty fails, free government fails. Our men are carrying on the traditions of their forefathers.

President Hutchins has the bad taste to ask a generation, eight million of whom are under arms, if they would have remained true to their ideals of democracy under SS guns.

He also states that we do not expect Americans to die for their principles except in war. Of course, only war gives anyone the right to expect another to die for his principles. With what cheap, cynical skepticism President Hutchins declares that to be prepared to die for one's principles is the standard only of heroes or saints. Quite ordinary men and women are prepared to die for their principles. On the proportion of them in a community, the moral strength of that community depends. They may not be sure that they would be given strength to remain steadfast under torture but they know that they could face death—because without their principles they could not face life nor their own souls nor their God.

To do what one believes to be right regardless of one's own interest is the ideal I cherish most for my sons. Therefore, you will see why I am glad they did not hear this disheartening address.

A. W. Halsey.

The Screen

"Rome Wasn't Burnt in a Day"

NEVER before has music been featured as the *pièce de résistance* in a fiction movie as it is in this new version of "State Fair." I'm not sure that this is particularly healthy for the state of cinema, especially since Director Walter Lang frequently keeps the camera and action static so we can concentrate on the words as the singers warble away. But in this case it provides some very pleasant entertainment because the music and lyrics are by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. This pair, who have given us "Oklahoma" and "Carousel," two of the best and most original musical shows in recent years, have not stinted in working for the movies. Although this new score is somewhat imitative of their past successes, the songs are bright and catchy in their own right; and no doubt we'll be hearing often such gay items as "It Might Well Be Spring," "That's for Me," "It's a Grand Night for Singing" and the rousing "All I Owe Iowa."

As with their two theatrical hits, Rodgers and Hammerstein have in "State Fair" given new life and a new twist to an old story. Because Hammerstein himself wrote the screenplay from an adaptation of Phil Stong's novel, his lyrics and script have a unity that makes them all of one pattern. This musical version tells a light hearted story of an Iowa farm family who go to the fair at the end of August; while the mother and father win prizes, the sister and brother lose their hearts. The handsome cast and the bright clean technicolor are appropriate to the picture-book décor and Marie Antoinette version of farm life in which the farmer's son and daughter look pretty but never do a lick of work. Charles Winninger is a delight as the farmer (the rôle played by Will Rogers in the previous filming of the Stong novel) and Fay Bainter is charming as his wife who worries that her pickles and well spiked mince meat won't win ribbons. (They do.) Dick Haymes and Jeanne Crain, thoroughly washed, attractive and romantic as the son and daughter, fall for a couple of city folk (Vivian Blaine and Dana Andrews) who for a moment seem to be slickers but are really good at heart. There are many colorful scenes of fun at the fair both along the midway and in the judging pavillions. Everyone in the cast sings the swell songs, but in spite of all this glamor, the picture is stolen by Blue Boy, the prize boar that Winninger exhibits. He doesn't sing but he oinks beautifully, and he adds to the carefree merriment in this saga of the happy, happy farmer.

Much more amusing, but not so memorable musically, is *"Duffy's Tavern,"* a riotous movie based on Ed Gardner's radio characterization and directed by Hal Walker. Gardner, of course, plays Archie, the tavern's bartender whose puns and malaprop quotations are famous. It is hard to say just why this movie is so funny, but obviously Archie deserves most credit. His serious dead pan as he wrongly uses ten-cent words and his innocence as he murders the language and misquotes even the standard epigrams are guaranteed to keep audiences rolling in the aisles. Archie is even funnier in the movies than on the radio. The only trouble is that audience laughter might prevent your hearing every one of his bon bon mots.

There is a plot running along with all this hilarity, something credited to Melvin Frank and Norman Panama, and a series of sketches credited to a lot of writers, but I suspect that Ed Gardner had his hands in everything, for Archie's humor is evident throughout. It

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seems that both Victor Moore and Archie are in need of large sums of money—Moore, because he needs to pay for shellac to open his phonograph factory; Archie, because he hired fourteen of Moore's employees, who are ex-servicemen, as waiters in the tavern and consequently his books won't balance. Archie is also interested in Moore's daughter (Marjorie Reynolds) and the scene in which the two men discuss their future relationship as father and son-in-law and then settle the question as to whether the light stays on in the ice box hits a new high in cinematic nonsense. To raise the money, they decide to hold a block party, and after several episodes, that border on the risqué as Archie and Moore race through a hotel disguised as house painters, they line up some Hollywood talent. Soon a sign stretches across the street in front of Duffy's Tavern: "Real live Movie Stars—in Their Own Flesh and Blood." The show, put on by the brightest stars on the Paramount lot, consists mainly of a series of unpretentious sketches in which these actors and actresses kid themselves and manage to be very entertaining while they're about it. It is further enhanced by Archie's remarks as master of ceremonies; and its best item, featuring Bing Crosby who is introduced by Archie as a piece of resistance, shows Robert Benchley telling Bing's life story to the four Crosby youngsters. This clever bit of razzing winds up with a parody of "Swinging on a Star" and takes a sock at the foibles of many a so-called star. I suppose it is good for Hollywood to let its hair down occasionally and take itself unseriously.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Pulling the Lion's Teeth

DOROTHY DONNELLY

. . . Who clipped the lion's wings
And flea'd his rump and pared his claws?

MOSES conceived as the gawky, virile, God-obsessed, progressive pedagogue of a crude, unformed, primitive people is the subject of the naturalistic portrait presented in this small book.* As shaped in this literary sculpture, he bears a strong resemblance to Rodin's Thinker, except that he is more hairy and more self-assured and determined. As if to set at rest any fears that it might conform to tradition or serve up dogma, the book is, in its attractive format, as smart and as modern as a cocktail. Symbols of the "semantic magic" to which Mann refers appear as linear decoration in clear lines of gold on the green cover. This book, in spite of its venerable subject matter will not be out of place near the Kandinsky under the chromium lamp; Moses, presented in the modern mode, the only mode acceptable to the advanced drawing rooms of the day, will serve his purpose by stimulating a little conversation.

The narrative is not, however, as refreshingly independent as some might have hoped. After all, who can escape the signet of authority? Mann seems to have escaped the net of tradition only to be caught fast in the dogmatic Freudian vise.

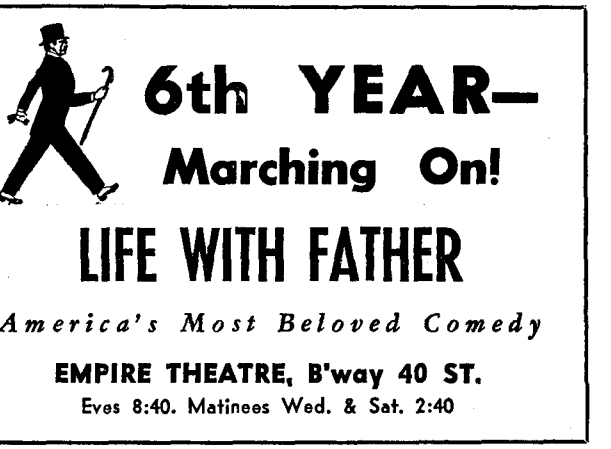
The world is every man's lion and most of us insist, defiantly, on doing what God originally said we should do: dominate it, conquer it. But whereas Adam, the undivided man, conquered his lion by *naming* it, many now attempt to possess it in subjection by pulling out its teeth, thus rendering it harmless. If Darwin "flea'd" its rump, Freud and his faithful followers work away at claws and teeth in the hope that the lion will no longer be able to frighten the worried children of the world and they will be free to worship any god they fancy.

Now it is strange that the emancipate, with the whole world before him for subject, should continually return, like a bee to a clover or a criminal to the scene of his crime, to those very tales and characters which he has so contemptuously classified as mere human inventions. He cannot seem to leave them alone: the literary atheist pursues his Old Testament studies, fictionizes the lives of Christ and of the saints. Paul fascinates him, Moses and Joseph, Abraham and Noah and Jonah fascinate him. Can it be a kind of obsession, a kind of *délire de toucher?* Can it be that he has not entirely freed himself from the primitive notion of taboo so that he must continually break the taboo to prove that he is emancipated from it?

So the prophet Moses, in this book, is made to Mann's image, a Freudian Moses subject to the usual human ambivalence. The first sentence of the book expresses a dogmatic Freudian assumption: "His birth was irregular, hence it was he passionately loved order, the absolute, the shalt and shalt not." The third sentence likewise derives from the same authority: "His senses were hot, so he craved the spiritual, the pure, the holy; he craved the unseen, because he felt that the unseen was spiritual, holy and pure." The account of his begetting is in the Freudian tradition. So also is the crude and unattractive description of the Ethiopian woman with whom "we know," says Mann, that Moses lived; she was "a splendid piece of flesh, with towering breasts and rolling whites to her eyes."

It is almost axiomatic: whatever is immoral, whatever is ugly, whatever is vulgar, is accepted as likely; what-

* "The Tables of the Law." Thomas Mann. Knopf. $2.50.



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ever is accounted as chaste or generous, as having beauty or dignity, is held suspect. It is assumed to be wishful thinking.

Unusual events recounted in Scripture are easily passed off as tricks or as coincidences. There is the trick of the "magic rod"; there are the coincidences of the plagues. It appears that the Israelites leave Egypt and cross the desert by virtue of an unbroken series of propitious coincidences of winds and waters and an edible fungus called manna. Moses, their leader, is an extraordinary man. He is not only idealist, he has his practical side. Definite emphasis is given to him in this picture as sanitary engineer, teaching his people the proper disposal of sewage. He spends a heroic forty days on the mountain sweating, coughing, and chewing on "pancake" as he labors away not only at compressing a whole ethic into ten simple laws, but at inventing an alphabet in which to write them upon his tables of stone.

The portrait presented here is not so much formation as deformation, and it typifies a certain modern tendency toward explosion. The cubists attempted the explosion of human appearance, the surrealists the explosion of rational order, the psychologists the explosion of personality. Mann attempts to explode the mythical Moses.

The keystone of Mann's conception of Moses is his "irregular" birth: he is not a pure Hebrew, as the Scriptures recount, he is half Hebrew, half Egyptian. Freud set out to prove, in "Moses and Monotheism," that Moses was not a Hebrew but an Egyptian. So intent was Freud on this objective that he did not perceive, nor did Mann, apparently, in following him, the logical reversion of his argument. If Freud had been more objective, Mann more critical, either or both might have seen that the material of the argument for Moses' Egyptian birth was actually a convincing evidence of his Hebrew birth.

Mann states that Moses was the son of Pharaoh's daughter and a Hebrew slave. Hidden in the rushes by the princess' maidens and playfully discovered and drawn out again by them in this little drama of deception, he is given into the care of Aaron's mother and named by her "Mose, or just 'son.' The question was, Whose?"

Freud's case is as follows: "It is important to notice that his name, Moses, was Egyptian. It is simply the Egyptian 'mose' meaning 'child' . . . ." The story of Moses, he says, exemplifies the typical myth in which the child of royal parents is placed in the water, drawn out, and cared for by the rescuer. He gives, as example, Sargon, founder of Babylon, who was drawn out of the stream by Akki and brought up *as his own son*. Freud's conclusion is that Moses was an Egyptian.

The Biblical account says that Pharaoh's daughter, seeing the comely Hebrew child in the basket, had "compassion" on it and had it given to a Hebrew woman to nurse. When the child was grown up he was returned to her. "And she adopted him for a son, and called him Moses, saying: Because I took him out of the water, just as he really would have come forth from the water (the amniotic fluid) if he had actually been born of me." Did Freud forget this bit from the much-quoted work of Frazer: "The same principle of make-believe . . . has led other peoples to employ a simulation of birth as a form of adoption. . . . If you pretend to give birth to a boy, . . . then, in the eyes of primitive law and philosophy, that boy or man is really your son to all intents and purposes." Pharaoh's daughter was certainly likely to name a child with an Egyptian name. But her words show clearly that she was not his real mother, and since the Egyptians had no particular reason for casting away their sons, and the Hebrews were obliged to do so, there is every reason to believe that the adopted child was a Hebrew.

Mann has presented *his* Moses. He has exposed another myth which had been parading as history; he has extracted another of the lion's teeth. Or so he fancies. When we circumscribe all things by the narrow measure of ourselves we soon succeed in reducing mountains to molehills. This should allay our fears of anything greater than ourselves. And so instead of the awe-inspiring face of the prophet, radiant with its "horns" of light, luminous from the contemplation of the glory of God, we are left staring at a hairy-breasted creature with "wide-set eyes, flattened nose, and parted, grizzling beard . . . in the sweat of his brow hewing at the tables, filing and planing."

More Books of the Week

The Lives of Winston Churchill. John Davenport and Charles V. J. Murphy. Scribners. $1.50.

DIAMOND cut diamond is this résumé of a flashing career by two staff writers well drilled in flashing journalism. My review of the close-up of a great Englishman by Messrs. Davenport and Murphy of *Fortune* can only be the dot to their exclamation point.

Ready as the twentieth century may be to applaud the last curtain of the British Empire, its epilogue as spoken by Mr. Churchill will ring in British ears as long as English is spoken. In him the British Lion exhibits a cub with the traits which have made the stud-books of both Whigs and Tories famous. Younger son of a younger son of the British peerage and American millions, Winston Churchill was born in the palace of Blenheim—that gift of the nation to Anne's astounding general, a self-made soldier and a Queen-made duke. It is more than likely, however, that Marlborough's descendant will choose to remain a commoner; the more likely because one of this Churchill's political activities has been to shear the peers of their parliamentary power.

"To improve is to change—to be perfect is to change often," said Churchill in the House of Commons in 1924, when he rejoined the Conservatives after a twenty-year interlude with the Liberal Party. "Some change parties for the sake of principles, some change principles for the sake of parties," he had announced in 1903, when he deserted his hereditary political allies as a protest, strangely enough, against an increase in the Army budget. The first Marlborough had been adept in keeping a leg on either side the political fence, but with him it had been a matter of personal balance, and even in this Churchill's opponents must admit that he has subordinated personal interests in his effort to preserve his own idea of a "decent" England in a decent world. "The fortunes of the British Empire and its glory are inseparably inter-

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woven with the fortunes of the world. We rise or fall together."

Supplementing an often fallible political judgment with a daring but sound military imagination, Mr. Churchill is a lusty soldier who has held six different military commissions and has gained financial success out of his books on two major and four minor wars. As a statesman he has left his successor ugly snarls in India, Greece, Poland and the Balkans, and once he so respected and admired Germany as to castigate the alarmists of 1908 and fiercely oppose the plea made by McKenna, as First Lord of the Admiralty, for more dreadnoughts. But when the Agadir incident and some remarks of Asquith's opened his eyes to the danger of *Weltraumpolitik,* the perspicacity of his notes on what to expect from the French Army so impressed Asquith that he suggested that Churchill, as Home Secretary, exchange posts with McKenna. Churchill has himself recorded for history how the Royal Fleet, burning oil and with 15-inch guns, were at their battle stations before war was declared in 1914 and I am confident that history will affirm his sagacity in attempting to break the deadlock on the Western Front with the invasion of the Dardanelles. His memorandum, written for Lord Birkenhead, on the probable horrible losses during the Battle of the Somme are still used at Sandhurst as an example of astute military calculation.

After the first World War, while nominally a Liberal, his conservative abhorrence of "advanced women" brought him to defeat at one election at the fists of the Pankhursts; woman suffrage and prohibition being two issues on which he has never changed his views. One clause in the contract for his American lecture tour in 1929 provided a nightly bottle of champagne, and only once did he lose at the polls to a teetotaller. Although he has learned to stomach the proletariat when they are Slavs, the Labor Party has never gained his benediction. "The only conscientious party—they have the greatest number of conscientious objectors" was his bitter gibe, in 1923, when he lost an election to the socialist, Pethick-Lawrence, now Secretary of State for India and Burma. It was when Asquith swung the Liberals round to Labor that Churchill decided he was an Independent Constitutionalist and then made his way back to the Conservative benches. Bonar Law welcomed the prodigal with a mantle of Lord Randolph Churchill, and Winston, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, put on the actual robe, long treasured by his mother, which his father had worn.

But whether Liberal or Conservative, Mr. Churchill rarely wavers from his personal loyalties. Loyalties to Lord Randolph governed, to his detriment, his first years in Parliament and prompted his pacifism. His choice of a manor in Kent and his extensive prison reforms as Home Secretary are haply a tribute to the memory of his old Kentish nurse, Mrs. Everest, and her brother-in-law the prison warden who, by the way, first introduced little Winston to the ineluctible eloquence of Macaulay. No doubt it is Mr. Churchill's loyalty to the traditional way of English life which has determined his stand against "socialization," and a common social tradition was certainly a bond between him and Mr. Roosevelt. It is difficult to imagine the Prime Minister appearing at dinner in the White House in the zipper suit he considered suitable for a banquet in Moscow to the indignation of Comrade Stalin. But if Mr. Churchill has inherited some of the Marlborough arrogance, he has also fought hard for that freedom of choice for the

This Publishing Business

POET'S PROGRESS

If you are new to Robert Farren, do not begin with his newest book, RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE*: read the two earlier fistfuls of poems, THRONGING FEET and TIME'S WALL ASUNDER and the epic THIS MAN WAS IRELAND. If you have not read them, the new book will puzzle you and leave you feeling not often enough rewarded. If you have read them, and watched a poet growing, you will read the new book for what it is, the necessary stage in his growth. Perhaps you feel there are pastimes more alluring than watching a poet grow, and that's right for most of them—they start small and hardly grow. But Robert Farren is notable: and not least notable for this, that after so great an achievement as THIS MAN WAS IRELAND he is still practising, experimenting, working towards greater mastery; not simply writing poems but working at poetry. He knows that a poem

"seems less made
than born alive,
delivered by an art
that is more midwifery than making."

But it's making all the same. The poet must think about making, practice making, try new ways of making. That is what he is doing in a great part of RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE. The book contains poems (a number of love poems, for instance, and the moving poetic play, LOST LIGHT performed at the Abbey Theater in Dublin). But it also contains experiments, exercises in making poetry. Let's talk of these.

What's a poet making? A noise. Always that. At its best the noise is music. But what music? Not the music of song or instrument but

"The unsung word from the throat,
the melody of man only,
free of the song-bird's note,
the melody of mouths talking."

So the poet must explore the mouth's possibilities in the way of talking, how it talks, what it can talk about.

How it talks: the title of the name poem, RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE (based on the "Time, Gentlemen, Please" with which in the parent islands the barman announces closing time, when he doesn't shorten it to "Time, Gents") might be an appeal to himself, for the poem is not in rhyme: on the contrary, where we should expect rhyme, he gives us assonance—the same vowel followed by any consonant he pleases. It's an experiment. He likes it, and does it again, though nowhere else in the book so consistently.

What it can talk about: Are all themes possible, or are some below the reach of poetry? Could one conceivably make poetry out of school-teaching, for instance? He will try.

"By the end of the first hour I am roaring and flaming,
like a house-painter's blow-lamp, striving to burn stupidity
like faded paint from woodwork."

Is that poetry? Human document, certainly: but poetry? Anyhow, what with poems, and experiments, he's maturing the skill for greater poems to come. —F. J. S.

*RIME, GENTLEMEN, PLEASE by Robert Farren ($2.00)

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British people which has brought about his own loss of office. "So poor Mr. Churchill has been defeated—when will he be shot?" asked a literal-minded Balkan lady.

"Mr. Balfour loves the working-man—he loves to make him work for him," was another Churchillian Liberal quip. Mr. Churchill loves work for itself. Short cuts are not on his map. His famous oratory is famous because at first he used to write out and memorize all his speeches. Once he wrote out six different speeches to guard against any surprise attack from the opposition. When he lays bricks, he lays them neatly enough to warrant a Union card. When he paints, his pictures merit an exhibition. He spent his vacations as a war correspondent as a youth, and his volumes on Marlborough and the first World War are not only remunerative potboilers but literature. Churchill and Carlyle are agreed upon the proper technique for work. Now, as leader of the opposition, he will undoubtedly conduct a spectacular campaign and mine the political lane for Attlee. Mr. Churchill's resilience is that of a vigorous extrovert who can always forget the past and the future in the gustiness of the present. Mark these two quotations: in the first he speaks of "the period of Exhaustion (1919-) which has been described as Peace," the period during which Churchill did his best to make England realize that the war was not over. In the last chapter of "aftermath" he continues:

> Certain sombre facts emerge solid, inexorable. It is established henceforward that whole populations will take part in war, all subjected to the fury of the enemy. . . . It is probable, nay certain, that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be agencies and processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited and perhaps, once launched, uncontrollable. Mankind has never been in this position before. Without having improved appreciably in virtue or enjoying wiser guidance, it has got into its hands for the first time the tools by which it can unfailingly accomplish its own extermination. That is the point in human destinies to which all the glories and toils of men have at last led them. They would do well to pause and ponder their new responsibilities.

But, while hurling his jeremiad at the nation, he committed himself to no fast like the ancient prophets, nor were sackcloth and ashes his raiment during his winters near Monte Carlo. When the King called upon him in 1941, his zest for living had not changed since the day he remarked, "My idea of a good dinner is good food; a discussion of good food and a good topic with myself as chief conversationalist!" "The Lives of Winston Churchill," we may add, is full of unrationed meat for dinner conversation. Take the very first sentence which proclaims Churchill as "the last truly great man of the Western World." This is the type of flashy statement which certainly invites argument.

E. V. R. WYATT.

A Lion Is in the Streets. Adria Locke Langley. Whittlesley. $3.00.

IT IS easy to understand why this novel has risen, in the three months since publication, to the top of the best-seller lists and why it was snatched up so quickly by the movies. Written in an easy-reading, fast-moving style, the book is pepped up by lusty scenes of theatrical melodrama, a story that resembles the colorful career of a Southern dictator, and, most important for its best-seller aspect, a big handsome hero who quivers with sex appeal and is composed of equal parts of Richard the Lion Hearted, Rhett Butler and Pal Joey.

This is the story of Hank Martin who started as a peddler with a pack on his back and wound up as governor of the State of Magnolia. The Big Lion—as Hank frequently called himself, adding "I'm king of this here jungle"—really wound up with a bullet in his chest, for he was finally bagged by an unknown big-game hunter. As his body lies in state in a silver casket (in the magnificent marble pinnacled capitol which he built with taxpayers' money) his widow listens to the radio eulogy spoken by the only reporter Hank liked and feared. Each chapter of the book opens with a quotation from this address which recalls the actual episodes and many details to Verity Martin. This makes for a certain artificiality in the telling, for everything is thus seen through Verity's eyes; furthermore the novel's 482 pages add up to a mighty heap of recalling for one woman to do as she sits by the radio. This device also accounts for the lack of depth in the characterizations.

We get to know Hank well enough—the earthy, ambitious, scheming man who was bitter and bewildered by the poverty of his youth, the Bible-quoting Hank who could kindle a dream in men and women and easily won the affection of commonfolk with his divide-the-riches idea. But the later Hank, the man of power who misused his ability, who too quickly debased himself by alliance with corruption and cheap political conniving, becomes a stereotyped figure of a dictator. Mrs. Langley fails to convince us that Hank was ever much more than a first-rate heel, and a *papier maché* one at that. Nor are the characters surrounding Hank more than cliché types: Jules, the dreaming, idealistic, cynical Southerner; Selah, the devoted Negro servant, mammy style; Flamingo, the flaming beauty whose passion for Hank leads her to murder; countless swamp folk and poor whites who follow the Lion as if he were a messiah; and Verity who is a bundle of conflicts, torn between love for the man and realization of his misspent powers.

Unfortunately Adia Locke Langley's writing ability is not up to her absorbing story. One of her main ideas, that the people are slothful and are therefore greatly responsible for this leader who pillaged his generation, deserves better development (and got it last year in "Final Score," a novel by Warren Beck that received practically no attention). Her conception of democracy goes somewhat haywire when her characters approve of the man who kills Hank. Surely democracy fails if it is necessary to murder the man in power, even the evil one who is voted into office. However it must be said to the author's credit that she never once uses the word "fascist." No doubt this novel can be made into a lively film. Mrs. Langley may even have had the movies in mind in some of her big melodramatic scenes—like the one in which Flamingo kills the leader of the vice ring in his oversized aviary. Oh boy! of course the Hays Office will keep their eyes on this unavenged murder, and on Hank's too. And the script will no doubt cut out all the book's bar room language and racy passages. Through having one of the stars like Clark Gable or James Cagney or Brian Donlevy play the leading rôle, the movie will be able to keep Hank from looking like Huey Long; but how will the film visualize the State of Magnolia, with all its birds, lush foliage and French restaurants, without having it resemble Louisiana?

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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A Star Danced. Gertrude Lawrence. Doubleday. $2.50.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE could easily have written a nasty autobiography, or one which would have attracted a certain sort of acclaim from those who specialize in gossip and scandal. To her great credit she has done nothing of the sort. Her book is simple and straightforward. We read of her rather scattered childhood in a family not without attraction to the stage —her father was a small-time vaudeville artist—where a constant lack of funds struggled with deep-seated British respectability. Her own achievement clearly was the result of hard work applied to exceptional native talent, and like all artists she owed and admits her debt to good fortune. Those of us who remember the days of Charlot's Revue will read many of Miss Lawrence's chapters with a deep feeling of nostalgia.

Tolstoy and His Wife. Tikhon Polner. Norton. $2.75.

THERE is a great deal of quiet charm about this biography of the great Russian novelist. Indeed it represents the finest type of perceptive Russian writing—a kind of literature largely forgotten in the upheavals which have been taking place in that vast country. Reading it will certainly enhance one's understanding of Tolstoy, for here he emerges as an entirely human being, with very little of the Olympian left. What is particularly winning about Mr. Polner's book (published in the late 1920's and now excellently translated by Nicholas Wreden) is its extraordinary humility. For the author knew the Tolstoy household and writes to a large extent from his own reminiscences, yet if you had not been told that this was the case you would never guess it from reading his book.

The Inner Forum

A House of Hospitality for Seafarers

THERE are many ways in which Catholic action among seafarers can be carried on, and whatever form it takes largely depends on the nature and size of the particular seaport, and also on the country. Here is a brief account of what has been done in a small port on the northeast coast of Scotland during the past six years. Perhaps it may be of interest to American readers.

Try to visualize the locality—a small seaport town of less than 4,000 inhabitants, among which there are only one and a half families of practicing Catholics. The majority of the people are at least nominal Presbyterians. The usually sparse congregations in the kirks on Sunday indicate that there is no exaggerated zeal for religion. A small, but militant minority, mostly fisher folk, adhere to one or other of three rival groups of "Brethren." They have no "communicatio in sacris" and very little in "sæcularibus" with their neighbors. The nearest Catholic church is about two miles distant. The harbor, covering four acres, shelters a fishing fleet of about 70 steam and motor vessels, giving employment in normal times to about 350 men and boys. There is also a fairly thriving coastal trade. Colliers and small cargo ships discharge their cargoes at the quays.

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center" was set up in this port. A regularly organized seamen's institute, whether Catholic or Protestant, would have been superfluous, but there appeared to be ways and means open for personal services to seafarers if carried on quietly and in a small way. The procedure was as follows: the parish priest agreed to become honorary Port Chaplain, and himself nominated the low, long white house by the harbor as the parochial sailor service center. The Secretary-General of the International Council of Apostolatus Maris regularized this action by presenting the house with one of the enamel plaques, displaying the AM badge, and this was hung up inside the front door. It invariably arouses curiosity, if nothing else, from the mostly non-Catholic seafarers. They ask the meaning of the heart, anchor and lifebelt and the words Apostolatus Maris.

It must be admitted that for the first twelve months there was not much that could be done for the spiritual, social or moral welfare of seafarers. Certainly not Catholic seafarers. They were conspicuous by their absence. Yet the local fishermen soon got into the habit of looking in, if merely to talk about their job, to borrow books or other reading matter. Thus a library service was inaugurated.

★

Then in September, 1939, war was declared and everything changed. The shipbuilding yard, hitherto limited to the construction or repair of fishing vessels, was taken over by the Admiralty. Minesweeps and other auxiliary naval craft were laid down and fitted out as fast as possible. Many of the local fishing fleet were requisitioned by the Admiralty. A considerable proportion of their crews were called up for service in the Navy or mercantile marine. Fantastically camouflaged or gray-painted vessels of many types were to be seen in the harbor. There were likewise grimy, gray-painted and often war-damaged coasters moored at the quays. They were fitted with guns and cumbersome-looking balloons as a protection against aerial attack. Not only British crews of the Royal Navy and mercantile marine came and went. French, Belgian, Dutch and Norwegian sailors were occasional visitors. Sometimes they remained in port several weeks while their ships were undergoing a refit or preparing for sea. There was a cosmopolitan atmosphere about the little port, increased later on by Canadian, Australian, American, Norwegian and Polish airmen, for a big airport was built a few miles away.

For some reason or other it never seemed to strike anybody how urgently needed was a canteen for the benefit of all these strangers within our gates. Their only places of relaxation or amusement were the cinema, pubs and dances.

Ship visiting was easy, for every vessel was moored alongside the quays within a few yards of the service center. Their crews were always passing to and fro. Thus there was no difficulty in making contacts. Not many Catholic seamen were discovered in the British ships. Yet there were a few who were glad to be shown the way to Mass on a Sunday morning, or to be provided with Catholic books or magazines. On a winter night, both Catholics and non-Catholics appreciated comfortable armchairs by the fireside, where they could listen to the radio, smoke, yarn or read. It was a change from the discomfort of a fo'castle. I shall never forget the frequent visits of a certain French crew, most of whom were Nor-

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mans and Bretons. They had been without news of their families for many months. They were lonely and unhappy, and the mere fact of being able to talk to somebody in their own language and to gaze at photographs or drawings of their home towns or villages brought tears to their eyes. "Café noir" and "tartines"—thick slices of bread and butter—also helped to re-create the home atmosphere of Brittany, at least we hoped so! Then there was the crew of a steam trawler from Boulogne—how surprised they were to find out that we knew the Franciscan friars who looked after the "Maison du Marin" in that port; even more pleased when we promised to write to Père Bourgain and bid him tell their families that they were safe and well. Burly Dutchmen from Rotterdam and other well-known ports in Holland related grim stories of their devastated country overrun by the Germans. They too were without news of their families for a long while. There was a British minesweeper with a Belgian crew, most of whom talked English as they had served in the Dover-Ostend mail steamers before the war. So, even in this little port there were endless opportunities for befriending the men of the sea without any effort or financial expense. It was the personal touch that they needed most. Sometimes one of the crew of a coaster would stay here for a few nights—there was always a bed at his disposal. In the case of cargo ships that came and went regularly, we got to know most of their crews fairly intimately. They were welcome visitors.

Work among fishermen and their families is another recognized feature of Apostolatus Maris activity. In this port there was no lack of opportunity. The local men and lads discovered as time went on that there was an ever open door, and that the center—unlike the pubs—had no "closing hours," either on Sundays or during the week. During the winter months, especially, the limited accommodation, consisting of three rooms and a loft, was often taxed to the uttermost. Here you would find a crowd of lads and boys—not all of them fishermen or seamen—playing cards, listening to a dance band or other cheerful music on the radio, talking and smoking, and apparently enjoying themselves, for it was usually difficult to get rid of them as the night wore on. Whether any positive good, other than by a vague "indoctrination," was achieved is doubtful. Still, they were kept out of mischief and off the streets. Anyhow, on one occasion when the house was closed and this "gang" broke into a building where the police discovered them gambling, for which they were fined, the officer afterwards remarked that had we been at home this regrettable incident need not have occurred—he would have known where the "gang" were gambling and ignored them! It is worth mentioning that none of this crowd is Catholic, in fact very few of them owe any allegiance to the kirk of their fathers. Scotland, far more than England, is fast lapsing into a vague secularism, and losing all sense of Christian faith or morals. The fishermen themselves—not the lads and boys—are now equally at home here in a more serious manner. Seldom a day passes without a call from some of them to discuss professional problems; to borrow books or to have a look at the *Fishing News*. We discuss the price of fish, the possibility of obtaining new boats or gear, transport, and above all, the irritating red-tape methods of Government departments.

As there are so few Catholics among the visitors to

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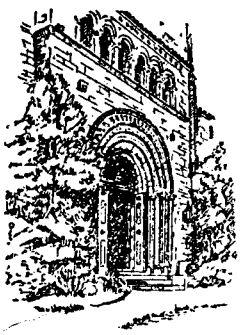

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the service center, the normal type of reading matter supplied by the remailing services of the Apostleship of the Sea, and which are so welcomed by the Catholics in the Royal Navy and mercantile marine, would have been wasted. However an elderly Protestant spinster, living in the south of England, took a keen interest in what went on in this small port in the northeast of Scotland. For over five years until her death she never failed to forward bulky parcels of novels, magazines and papers. This light literature was exactly what was required. Its cessation is a serious loss.

People have often asked how this apostolate has been financed, for open house was kept and no charge was ever asked or expected for meals or snacks provided. We were dependent neither on investments, subsidies or grants. Divine Providence and chance gifts supplied all our needs and we never ran short, even with the problems of wartime rationing. We found out that it was safe to act on the advice of the writer of Ecclesiasticus: "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days." If only other ports would realize that a small Apostolatus Maris center can be run on these lines, there might be many more of them. They would even discover that they would be able to make considerable donations to headquarters funds and never be obliged to appeal to any parochial, diocesan or other sources for financial aid.

What of the purely spiritual aspects, you may ask? Frankly there is little to say about them. The most that we could offer was a Catholic "atmosphere." From time to time a priest came to stay under this roof, and here was a chance for non-Catholics to discover that a priest is not such an alarming person as they had imagined. On several occasions Mass was celebrated in the loft—"It makes a bonnie wee kirk," remarked one young fisher lad.

Such then is one way in which Catholic action among seafarers can be practiced with little or no elaborate organization, merely by the formation of a small "cell" of Christian living, which, so it is hoped, may yet lead to the formation of similar cells with a daily round of prayer, study and apostolic action in their immediate circle, and a way of life in no way different from that of the community, but sharing in this common life so far as is possible.

PETER F. ANSON.

CONTRIBUTORS

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Peter F. ANSON has written and illustrated a great number of books, of which some of the better known deal with fishermen and their ways. He was one of the founders of the Apostolate of the Sea and is also a Founder Member of Society of Marine Artists in England. His latest book is a volume of reminiscences, "Harbour Head."

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